

THE PRO-SLAVERY REBELLION. FROM LOUISIANA.

THE CONVENTION—A DAY'S DEBATE.

From Our Special Correspondent.

NEW-ORLEANS, March 17, 1861.

Yesterday was a lively day in the Louisiana Convention. In the first place, Mr. Bevenon threw a hot shot into the Secessionist camp, by offering an ordinance requesting the President of the Convention to lay before that body the popular vote in each parish for the election of delegates to this Convention. It is well known that this information would demonstrate that the popular vote of the State was against immediate secession; and the Convention promptly refused, by a vote of 73 to 23, to consider the ordinance at all. Of course, such a clear exposure of the high-handed defiance of the popular will which it has shown from the outset, could hardly be expected from the Convention itself.

A resolution was adopted, inviting Mr. D. P. Kennedy, delegate to the Montgomery Congress, and Mr. Jacob Thompson, late Secretary of the Interior, to seats upon the floor of the Convention. After some unimportant business, at one o'clock, the special order of the day, the ordinance of Mr. Cannon, of Arroyales, providing that the permanent Constitution be submitted to the people for adoption or rejection, was called up.

Mr. Cannon rose in his place to advocate his ordinance; but a member insisted that he should stand in front of the Speaker's desk, that all could hear better; so he walked up and took that position. Mr. Cannon is a tall, compact, jet-black gentleman, with brilliant, dark eyes, jet-black hair, which hangs down upon his shoulders, and a long, jet-black beard, which caresses his breast. He spoke readily and fluently, with graceful gesticulation. He was not a standing candidate, he said, nor a politician. He had once sought office before, and never expected to again. He had been elected, and had voted throughout, as an immediate and open Secessionist. In view of explicit declarations made at an earlier stage upon this floor, he had entertained no doubt that the permanent Constitution was to be submitted to the people. This he had always understood to be the programme or platform of his party—and with this understanding, that the members of the Secession party were pledged to this reference or submission, he had presented this ordinance without a particle of doubt of its immediate unanimous adoption. But, to his surprise, no sooner had he offered it than a violent opposition was raised against it, and an active canvass was forthwith set on foot to defeat it.

Judge Moore of St. Martin (a black-faced, elderly gentleman, running largely to shirt collar,) made some remarks in favor of acting on the Constitution. He believed the Convention had full authority to do so. In regard to the sugar interest, he was a sugar planter, and was perfectly satisfied with the Constitution. He regretted deeply that this apple of discord had been introduced, and was confident that the Black Republicans of the North would give thousands, millions, to have this Constitution rejected by the people. He predicted that, in two or three years, the commerce of New-Orleans would increase three-fold in the new Confederacy.

The next speaker was Mr. Royle of New-Orleans. He is small of stature, and seems to have no neck at all, his round, closely-drimmed, grizzled head is so close to his body; but he has a voice like a steam-engine, and he fired his sarcastic and telling words like torpedoes into the ranks of the Secessionists. Why should they talk of the necessity of hurried action? Why talk about a union with other Southern States? No one denied the necessity of having consideration of States, and that a form of government should be adopted. He objected to the assertion that the Convention in acting on the Constitution would be proceeding in accordance with constitutional doctrine. He affirmed that the only constitutional and truly republican doctrine was, that all power resided in and must emanate from the people. It was said that the question should not be submitted to the people, because one vote might decide the result. What if it so happened? There were gentlemen in that Convention who were elected by three or four votes. Was their right of being there ever questioned? There was no safety in republicanism except when the majority governed. Were the people not to be trusted? The insinuation denied that the people were capable of governing themselves.

I regret that I have not time to give you a more extended report of the speech of Mr. Royle, his arguments were unanswerable, and were presented with great cogency and force; and his sarcasm was unmitigated.

Two other speeches were made—one on each side, which I cannot refer to more extensively, as the mind is about closing. The debate was exciting and able; but finally the previous question was called, debate cut-off, and the ordinance lost by a vote of 73 to 23.

If the inexorable majority had desired to strengthen the reaction party, they could not have adopted a course more certain to do it than this refusal to let the people vote on the Constitution.

FROM FLORIDA.

THE FEELING ON BOARD THE BROOKLYN.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

U. S. SHIP BROOKLYN, OFF PENSADELA, March 15, 1861.

How much longer are we Americans to submit to the arrogant demands of a few hot-headed rebels? Has not the Government the power, the law, and the right on its side? Then why should that Government's property be given up to conciliate the ambitious views of a few advocates of disunion? Is the North to make all the concessions and the South none? Is this Union of so much more benefit to the North than to the South as to force these concessions? No; let us retain what we have, and if the South is not content with the Government as it now exists, why, force the South to obey those laws to which their wiser and nobler ancestors agreed.

Where have we a precedent for such a course as that which has been pursued by the American Government? Our property taken from us under our very eyes, and no attempt made for its defense or reprisal. Our people are maltreated and abused; our laws disregarded, and our very flag, of which we have so long been justly proud, cast under foot and trod upon. What would have been the result had such insults been offered to us by a foreign foe? Have any of the rulers of England or any other country given over their power because a few unruly subjects demanded it? Why should the lawfully-elected ruler of these United States allow that any malcontents (no matter how many or how few they may be) should refuse to recognize him?

At one time my predictions leaned toward the South, and I still believe "Slavery to be a necessary evil," nevertheless I feel that we have but one course to pursue, and that is to compel them to deliver up their ill-gotten spoils and to obey the law; to do this I am now, and ever will be, ready to sacrifice my all.

Who is it that is thus assuming such power? If the rebels who are here are a fair specimen

during them to deny it; charging that they dared not appeal to the people, and declaring that, until it should become the law of the land, he utterly spurned the Montgomery Constitution—spat upon it—trampled it under his feet. He bitterly denounced South Carolina, and didn't want her to hold the nose of Louisiana to the groundstone, where she had got it. He predicted that the great sugar interest of Louisiana would be utterly ruined if she remained in the Cotton Confederacy. He insisted that the people's verdict on the Constitution should be heard, as being one of their great political prerogatives that ought not to be denied them. As might be expected, Mr. Rozier's remarks stirred up the animals considerably.

Mr. Semmes of New-Orleans followed, opposing the ordinance. He is a keen, dry looking, bald gentleman, in spectacles, and a dry, effective speaker, who made the best of a bad case. He contended that the great principle of republican government was not based upon pure democracy, but upon what Mr. Calhoun termed "concurring majorities." We were a representative government, which was the great American principle contended for, and they were not called on to submit to the people what they themselves had already submitted to us by a delegation of their power, and which conferred on us the right to act for them on any subject which could come before the people. He stood here as a part of the concentrated and sublimated sovereignty of the people. There was no limit to the authority of the Convention, except the discretion of its members. He argued very luminously against submission to the people, on the ground that if there should chance to be one vote against the Constitution more than for it, that one vote would control the action of the forty thousand voters of Louisiana. In spite of this puerility, Mr. S. made the best argument I heard on the majority side. But it was amusing to see the ineffable scorn and contempt with which his lip curled as he rang the changes upon the phrase "a mere numerical majority."

My Tribune for Saturday, the 16th, which—no thanks to the postal authorities—came last evening to hand by the Underground Railway last evening, discusses a subject which is beginning to engage the serious attention of the very few sober, thoughtful men in Charleston to-day—the culture of foreign cotton. Only this very morning, at the entrance to the Equity Court-room—and prior to the meeting of the members of the Bar, which took place at 12 o'clock—I was in conversation with some of the most eminent men in Charleston, and one, in speaking of the power and influence of the Cotton idol, took occasion to say that he rejoiced to think that old "Abolition" England had been brought to her knees before them. A very quiet gentleman, not remarkable for his violent attachment to the Secession movement, quoted one of those very facts which appear in the TRIBUNE's article; his version of it was very correct, and was to this effect: that in 1857, when the panic had considerably reduced the cotton supply, India supplied the mother country with 620,000 bales; whereas, in the previous year of 1856 she only exported 100,000 bales—thus showing that, in any emergency, the crop in India can be raised in a single season several hundred per cent. This significant and undoubted fact absolutely startled all the group, and may possibly set the more intelligent of them to thinking; if they will think honestly, they will certainly come to the same conclusion that all reasonable men arrived at long ago, namely, that England's gold is as necessary to the subsistence of the Southern Chivalry as cotton is to the laboring masses of England, but that while England can, with her immense resources, grow cotton in every quarter of the globe, the planters of the Southern seceding States cannot, for many years, find another market.

The mutiny on the islands, which I told you occurred from non-payment of wages, has been quieted by promises for the time, but the complaints on the part of the regular troops are loud and long; still no beds, and insufficient food, are the cries, and a very unwilling volunteer who came over on furlough this morning tells me that the scenes which occurred during yesterday and last night were horrible and heartrending. During the evening it rained in torrents, and in the night a snow-storm came on—the first Charleston has known for years, and three inches, and in some places six inches of snow laid on the ground till ten o'clock this morning; the weather was exceedingly cold, and during the whole of it, the poor men, who, when enlisted, had no more idea of fighting against the United States than they had of engaging in a crusade against "Vateland," were exposed to the piercing cold and the pitiless storm. Information which reaches me, not only from undoubted sources, but a great deal of which comes under my own observation, leads me to believe that a few more weeks' occupation of the island batteries will bring sickness, misery, and death, such as will compare unfavorably with the worst horrors of the Crimean war. I will only add, the enlisted men in the "regular Southern army"—and let it be understood by my amusing and critical friend of The Courier—that I do not speak now of the volunteers—I repeat the enlisted men are now the subjects of treatment such as is utterly unworthy of a civilized, not to say Christian land, and all this in spite of the most earnest promises that their health and comfort would receive special care. At the same moment that this misery is calling loudly for redress, the men in high authority, even on the islands, fare sumptuously every day.

John S. Preston visited Fort Moultrie yesterday, and was entertained at a banquet. A message, which purported to have been received from Major Anderson, was a subject of discussion at this feast. The Major was represented to have communicated to General Beauregard that he expected a United States vessel to come in, for the purpose of relieving the garrison; that he trusted no resistance would be offered to her entrance, but that if such was the case, it would be necessary for him, in pursuing only the strict line of duty, to open his batteries. It is not probable that The Courier will deny this, but if it does, it will only prove that its reporters and informants are not so trustworthy as mine. A personal friend of my own was one of the party, and I can thus vouch for the truth of the statement.

As there is to-day a great dearth of news, I may as well settle the question of my residence in Charleston with the editor of The Courier, not that my amiable friend himself is in any doubt about it, if he took the trouble to read my letter in THE TRIBUNE of Saturday last, but in order to save him the necessity of attempting again to impose upon the credulity of Charlestonians, by persuading them that the terrible and audacious

of the genus, and if the accounts obtained from people coming off to this ship may be relied upon, why they are, nothing more or less than a parcel of rowdy loafers, who having no better trade than turned Secessionists, finding that they can live better by plundering than by anything else. I am told that when the Mississippi troops were here the people were obliged to form themselves into a Vigilance Committee to prevent their houses from robbery and their families from insult. This I had direct from residents of Warrington.

We could at any time possess ourselves of all the Government property here in the course of twenty-four hours. Forts McCrea and Barrancas are both commanded by Fort Pickens, and could be reduced in a very short time. Fort McCrea has settled down some feet into the sand since it was first built, and still continues to do so.

We were all "turned out" on the evening of the 9th by a report that Col. Forney intended attacking Fort Pickens before day-break on Sunday, a. m. It is said that the worthy Colonel did hold such intentions but changed his mind. We were well prepared; our boats were hoisted out and equipped; the muskets were loaded; the soldiers were ready and we would have been in upon them at a moment's warning.

This ship appears to be the scape-goat of the squadron. She is termed the "Black Devil of the Gulf," and the Secessionists have refused to supply us with water. We are all pretty well satisfied here, and only desire a few of the "shiners." Most of the men say that if they were paid off they would rejoin the ship before the end of the week (if she should want men).

FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

TROUBLE IN THE REBEL ARMY.

HUNGER, COLD AND MUTINY—MESSAGE FROM MAJOR ANDERSON.

From Our Own Correspondent.

CHARLESTON, March 19, 1861.

My TRIBUNE for Saturday, the 16th, which—no thanks to the postal authorities—came last evening to hand by the Underground Railway last evening, discusses a subject which is beginning to engage the serious attention of the very few sober, thoughtful men in Charleston to-day—the culture of foreign cotton. Only this very morning, at the entrance to the Equity Court-room—and prior to the meeting of the members of the Bar, which took place at 12 o'clock—I was in conversation with some of the most eminent men in Charleston, and one, in speaking of the power and influence of the Cotton idol, took occasion to say that he rejoiced to think that old "Abolition" England had been brought to her knees before them. A very quiet gentleman, not remarkable for his violent attachment to the Secession movement, quoted one of those very facts which appear in the TRIBUNE's article; his version of it was very correct, and was to this effect: that in 1857, when the panic had considerably reduced the cotton supply, India supplied the mother country with 620,000 bales; whereas, in the previous year of 1856 she only exported 100,000 bales—thus showing that, in any emergency, the crop in India can be raised in a single season several hundred per cent. This significant and undoubted fact absolutely startled all the group, and may possibly set the more intelligent of them to thinking; if they will think honestly, they will certainly come to the same conclusion that all reasonable men arrived at long ago, namely, that England's gold is as necessary to the subsistence of the Southern Chivalry as cotton is to the laboring masses of England, but that while England can, with her immense resources, grow cotton in every quarter of the globe, the planters of the Southern seceding States cannot, for many years, find another market.

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I see that your neighbor, The Times, has a Charleston correspondent of the name of "Jasper." I do not know him, but he certainly must be a very amiable man, and the easy dupe of Secession conspirators. He goes wrong very often. The other day he told a tale respecting Old Seymour, the colored cook, which was entirely fallacious. My relatives, who came to Charleston twenty years ago, and have never wavered from their devotion to Freedom, know all that old man's history. The truth is, he had once saved \$4,500, not \$50,000; as to "niggers," he never owned one, and does not now; unfortunately he owns scarcely anything now. Another mistake made by "Jasper," was with reference to an engraving of the entrance hall of the Charleston Hotel, which appeared in The Illustrated London News. After abusing the print, he charged the authorship of it to H. M. Gunn, the special contributor of that paper, who was here on a sketching expedition; but it was, as the description said, the work of an amateur, and the truthfulness of it, which "Jasper" so indignantly questioned, was admitted by all unprejudiced minds. The sketches of the rough-looking countrymen who lounge about the Charleston are perfectly lifelike. I am afraid The Times has accepted the services of a downright Secessionist, to the manor born.

Information, which I assure you is trustworthy, has just reached me from Morris Island. It furnishes an individual instance of the bad order which exists there. Company G, of the regular army, mostly men from Columbia, have been on the islands for three months. Many of the men have wives in Columbia, in great distress, but not one of them has received even a moiety of the promised \$11 a month. The member of that company, who, through the aid of a friend, has just visited me, says that there are ample funds in the treasury to pay them; but that if only half what is due to them was handed over, they would lose no time in deserting the service of the Secession rebels. The instance of insubordination which occurred in this company yesterday morning was as follows: A private who was hungry, expostulated in mild terms with the Commissary at the course pursued toward him, and demanded bread. After some words had passed, the Commissary was slapped on the face by the private; the former immediately used his knife, cutting his antagonist across the back of his hand; the knife was then used by the private, but a lieutenant entering, seized him by the neck, while the Commissary, taking up a cup of hot coffee, which was on the breakfast table, threw it in the man's face. He is now in the guard-house. This Company G is composed of 27 men and 14 officers.

I will just add—that any man or may not have so much significance—that the mail-bag which has heretofore been sent every day from Fort Sumter to Charleston, for transportation North, has not been sent for two days. Whether Maj. Anderson's correspondence has been tampered with or not, I am unable to say.

The fire-eaters of our city and State have not yet given up their darling project of ruining Maryland by precipitating her out of the United States. They are nursing their wrath, and concocting all sorts of mischief. Their last hope is that Virginia will play the fool, and their committee are in Richmond urging forward Secession with great zeal and ferrency.

Meantime public opinion is gaining strength against the damnable heresy of Secession in our midst, and throughout the State. Nothing keeps it from overwhelming the Seceders, but the hopes of the Believerette for office, under a Black Republican President! The moment that Mr. Lincoln disposes of this patronage, and bestows it upon Republicans, the Believerette leaders will sink into nothingness, and the people generally will settle down quietly, and sustain the Federal Government against all its enemies.

The surface of Baltimore society has been somewhat disturbed by the sudden death of the wife of Thomas Winans, the millionaire. She was a French lady, and much esteemed for her works of charity to the poor. As a stewardess of the great wealth of her command, she did well in her day.

The demoralization of the Believerette party of our city and State is complete. You would be amazed to see how eagerly they are preparing for office from the Administration they strove so fiercely to keep out of power. Even J. Morrison Harris, the late M. C. from the Third District, has pitched in, and is trying to get his brother-in-law, Mr. Fulton, appointed Appraiser. *Ecce duo discimus.* If this thing continues as it has begun, Mr. Lincoln will have not only all the Believerette in his feet, but all the Breckinridges, too, for they too are crowding his antechamber.

These opponents get no countenance, I am glad to hear, from Judge Blair. The simple question, Did you vote for Mr. Lincoln? if answered in the negative, disposes effectually of their pretensions. As to it will be, I predict, in all the other Departments. Mr. Lincoln, of course, receives everybody with courtesy.

Judge Blair is using the broom with great efficiency in sweeping out of place in this State the miserable tools of Deputy Postmasters, who have been in the habit of Grahamizing the mails, and denying to subscribers their newspapers and documents. He has the thanks of every honest man for his determination in the premises, and especially for refusing to put anti-Republicans in office.

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Information, which I assure you is trustworthy, has just reached me from Morris Island. It furnishes an individual instance of the bad order which exists there. Company G, of the regular army, mostly men from Columbia, have been on the islands for three months. Many of the men have wives in Columbia, in great distress, but not one of them has received even a moiety of the promised \$11 a month. The member of that company, who, through the aid of a friend, has just visited me, says that there are ample funds in the treasury to pay them; but that if only half what is due to them was handed over, they would lose no time in deserting the service of the Secession rebels. The instance of insubordination which occurred in this company yesterday morning was as follows: A private who was hungry, expostulated in mild terms with the Commissary at the course pursued toward him, and demanded bread. After some words had passed, the Commissary was slapped on the face by the private; the former immediately used his knife, cutting his antagonist across the back of his hand; the knife was then used by the private, but a lieutenant entering, seized him by the neck, while the Commissary, taking up a cup of hot coffee, which was on the breakfast table, threw it in the man's face. He is now in the guard-house. This Company G is composed of 27 men and 14 officers.

I will just add—that any man or may not have so much significance—that the mail-bag which has heretofore been sent every day from Fort Sumter to Charleston, for transportation North, has not been sent for two days. Whether Maj. Anderson's correspondence has been tampered with or not, I am unable to say.

The fire-eaters of our city and State have not yet given up their darling project of ruining Maryland by precipitating her out of the United States. They are nursing their wrath, and concocting all sorts of mischief. Their last hope is that Virginia will play the fool, and their committee are in Richmond urging forward Secession with great zeal and ferrency.

Meantime public opinion is gaining strength against the damnable heresy of Secession in our midst, and throughout the State. Nothing keeps it from overwhelming the Seceders, but the hopes of the Believerette for office, under a Black Republican President! The moment that Mr. Lincoln disposes of this patronage, and bestows it upon Republicans, the Believerette leaders will sink into nothingness, and the people generally will settle down quietly, and sustain the Federal Government against all its enemies.

The surface of Baltimore society has been somewhat disturbed by the sudden death of the wife of Thomas Winans, the millionaire. She was a French lady, and much esteemed for her works of charity to the poor. As a stewardess of the great wealth of her command, she did well in her day.

The demoralization of the Believerette party of our city and State is complete. You would be amazed to see how eagerly they are preparing for office from the Administration they strove so fiercely to keep out of power. Even J. Morrison Harris, the late M. C. from the Third District, has pitched in, and is trying to get his brother-in-law, Mr. Fulton, appointed Appraiser. *Ecce duo discimus.* If this thing continues as it has begun, Mr. Lincoln will have not only all the Believerette in his feet, but all the Breckinridges, too, for they too are crowding his antechamber.

These opponents get no countenance, I am glad to hear, from Judge Blair. The simple question, Did you vote for Mr. Lincoln? if answered in the negative, disposes effectually of their pretensions. As to it will be, I predict, in all the other Departments. Mr. Lincoln, of course, receives everybody with courtesy.

Judge Blair is using the broom with great efficiency in sweeping out of place in this State the miserable tools of Deputy Postmasters, who have been in the habit of Grahamizing the mails, and denying to subscribers their newspapers and documents. He has the thanks of every honest man for his determination in the premises, and especially for refusing to put anti-Republicans in office.

The City Republican Convention has reorganized for the coming year, by the election of Mr. James F. Wagner as its President. This gentleman has done well in the past, at the post of danger, and deserves this mark of confidence for

the future. He is a member also of the Republican National Committee.

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